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University at Cambridge—Togeth with a DISCOURSE
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for Cooks, and young women to do house work—
three Men who are well acquainted with the work-
ing, and a number of Boys.

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ent sizes. aug 24.

THE SCOURGE

WILL BE PUBLISHED ONCE A WEEK, BY
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pied by Thomas Wightman's engraver.

THE



By TIM TOSTONSTONE, Esq.

SCOURGE.

No. 5]

WEAK MEN DEMAND OUR PITY—BAD MEN DESERVE OUR STRIPES—TOUCH.

[Vol. I.

BOSTON,
Saturday, September 14, 1811.

Second Edition.

PRIVATE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NA-
POLEON BONAPARTE.

[By LEWIS GOLDSMITH, a gentleman, long a resident
at Paris.]
[Continued.]

Bonaparte studies Machiavel for his guide in politics,
and the compeer Mathieu for his morals. True to the
Machiavelian principles, he tries to gain over his ene-
mies, and his friends or partisans his sacrifices or mag-
nificence. Like the Roman Emperor Maximilian, he de-
troys all those who knew him when he was in the
wretched condition I have already described. It is a
poor recommendation to any person to claim former
acquaintance with him; I know three of his country-
men, old play-mates of his, now in disgrace in Paris,
whose only crime consisted in reminding him of their
former acquaintance. Even two of his cousins were
exiled to the Isle of Rhe for slyling him their cousin!

Arena, his cousin and countryman, who first
procured him a commission in the army, and who main-
tained old Maxim Bonaparte at Marseilles, when her
son, the present Emperor of the Great Nation, had not
a pair of whole shoes to wear, was falsely accused as
an accomplice in a pretended plot to murder him at
the Opera, and was in consequence most cruelly and
wantonly destroyed. His real crime was that he was
his cousin, and he has too many cousins.

This nefarious hypocrite, of whom it may be said,
"Cujus libet rei simulator at que dissimulatio," wishes very
much to affect Frederic the Great; he stoops and
takes snuff like him, very frequently out of his waist-
coat pocket. He waddles in imitation of the Bourbon
family, and has learned to dance, because he heard that
Louis the XIVth danced.

Immediately after his coming to the Consulate, he
went shooting and hunting, which he never before had
done in his life, but which he now did to imitate for-
mer Monarchs.

He effects a language peculiar to himself, and wish-
es that some of his own words, which he uses in his
addresses to the Senate, or any other department of
state, may be re-echoed in their replies to him, so that
all France and Europe must believe that he is a great
thinker and a profound reasoner. When he utters any
trifling expression in the presence of his fawning court-
iers, in which there is any kind of resemblance to what
had at any time fallen from Henry IV. or Frederic of
Prussia, the comparison is immediately drawn between
him and unannounced Philosophers.

A French newspaper, after observing that George
the IIIrd. has nothing to distinguish him from George
the IVth. or George the Ist. says, "One wishes that
the Monarch should make known his character, his af-
fections, his very passions. One loves to cite his words
but especially those words which escape him, which
have not been laboured by reflection, the words that
come from his heart and not from the Cabinet of his
Ministers. Henry IV had his language, Louis XIV
his, Napoleon has his, each of them speaks accord-
ing to peculiar data," &c. &c.

No new piece can be performed at any of the Thea-
tres unless approved of by his Imperial Majesty; no
scene can be painted for the Opera without his
examining the drawing. Like Spila he is partial
to his own countrymen; Roscius was the constant attendant on
the Roman Tyrant, as Talma, the tragic actor, is on
the French Tyrant.

It has been supposed that this great Statesman, Gen-
eral and Philosopher, is exempt from sensuality and
debauchery. We shall now see how far this is true.
He has two inconsistent propensities, which are sel-
dom found united in the same man; he has much im-
moral intercourse with women, but he has shewn him-
self addicted to that vice of which Henry the IIIrd. of
France is accused. In this vice he is very ably second-
ed by his Prince Arch Chancellor Cambaceres—I
should not wonder if he should, like his prototype Ne-
apoli, marry a boy.

He has been guilty of the most nefarious transgres-
sions of decency; he lived in a state of undisturbed con-
cubinage with two of his sisters Mesdames Moret and
Borghese; the former made a public boast of it. It
is well known also that Madame Louis Bonaparte
daughter of the late empress Josephine, having become

pregnant by Napoleon, the latter to cover his disgrace,
forced his brother to marry her; and it is ascertained
that the same Napoleon was the father of another child
by the same lady, born about eighteen months ago.

His drawing room is like a seraglio, he has but to
make the signal and the victim must follow him.
About five or six years ago he was very partial for
some time to Madame Duchatel, wife of one of his
Counsellors of State. She was appointed Dame d'
Honneur to Josephine. Madame D. slept one night
at the Thuilleries with Bonaparte. The next morning
a serious quarrel took place between the lovers; in con-
sequence of which he took her by the arm, turned her
out of his apartment *en chemise*, and threw her clothes
after her. Thus this poor woman was exposed to the
sneers of the Aids de Camp, Valets, Lackeys and Cen-
tinels, who saw the whole transaction; there was not
a child in Paris who was not acquainted with this
outrageous conduct; but the matter did not cease here!
A ball was given a few days after at the Thuilleries on
the marriage of a Mademoiselle Pascher, niece of the
late General Buharnois, husband of the Empress Jose-
phine, with the stupid hereditary Prince of Baden.
This lady, previous to her marriage, was created Prin-
cess Stephanie (her christian name) but the Emperor
Napoleon had prepared for the marriage by first ex-
ercising the *droit de Seigneur*.

Madame Duchatel did not make her appearance at
this ball. Bonaparte immediately went to her husband,
and desired him to command his wife to come instantly.
She appeared there to the astonishment of every body
present who was acquainted with his shameful con-
duct towards her.

Another scandalous anecdote occupied all Paris a
short time since: a Madame G—b—t, an Irish lady,
widow of a bankrupt banker at Paris, had a most beau-
tiful daughter. Bonaparte saw her, and she was soon
after engaged by the empress Josephine as a *lectrice* or
reader. Josephine was as complaisant as Madame du
Barry was to Lewis XV.

Mademoiselle G. accompanied the imperial family
to Bayonne, when Bonaparte went there for the purpose
of entrapping the royal family of Spain. The moment
the monster obtained his desires, the girl was sent off
to Paris without a shilling! A more beautiful female
was never seen.

This voluptuous murderer has also established a
seminary for young persons, daughters and orphans of
the Legion of Honour; but it is nothing more than a
nursery for his intended victims whom he wishes to de-
bauch. This establishment is at *Ecen*, a few leagues
from Paris, under the direction of Madame Gampan,
who kept a boarding school at St. Germain's, and who
was formerly *femme de chambre* of the late Marie Antoi-
nette.

In the midst of his political and domestic crimes there
is also a degree of childishness about him. I know that
when of late he received a letter in the hand writing of
the Emperor of Russia; he shewed it at a public levee
to all his courtiers just as a child would its bauble; but
if any of his brother emperors do not in their letters
treat him with proper respect, he will rave about his
chamber, and knock down his ministers and people
about him like a madman; they frequently say on such
occasions, "*aujourd'hui lui il n'est pas abordable*."—"To-
day he is not to be approached."

Never was there in one human being such a combi-
nation of cruelty, tyranny, petulance, lewdness, luxury,
and avarice, as in Napoleon Bonaparte. Hu-
man nature had not before produced such a frightful
being.

An Italian author, speaking in high terms of praise,
and meaning to compliment his hero, has said, "that
nature after having cast him broke the mould." It is
to be hoped that no mortal will ever be cast in such a
mould as that in which Napoleon was cast.

* All friends of mankind will hear with pleasure that
this curse of the world is epileptic. He has also scro-
fulous eruptions on his breast, proceeding as the French
Physicians say, from the itch, badly cured, *la Galle ven-
eree*, which he had to a very great degree when he lived
in his garret, previous to the 13th Vendemaire.

The French privateer now lying in the Delaware
under seizure of the marshal, was built in Baltimore
and formerly bore the name of the *Exchange*. She made
a voyage to France, was seized under the Berlin and
Milan decrees, and confiscated. By this transaction it
is evident that Bonaparte considers *Exchange* no rob-
bery. The former owner is resolved not to be outdone
in politeness, and insists upon a re-*Exchange*; so that
it appears he has no faith in proverbs.

Elegant Effusion.—We must apologize to our readers
for not having before noticed the following sublime
toast, drank at a late celebration by the Jo Bunker As-
sociation. It is from that classical scholar Major
Brazer:—

"To memory of the Heroes and Patriots of the rev-
olution, who fought, bled, and died on Bunker's awful
mound, of which I am one."

New Publications.—The following catalogue of re-
cent publications of great merit, lately added to the
Major's library:

The importance of impudence, self-conceit and plagia-
ry, to a man of aspiring genius, an oration, by Eb. French,
late editor of the Snake, teacher of short hand writing,
tide-waiter, custom house pimp, gun-house spouter,
&c. &c. &c. delivered before the republican bucket
makers of Hingham, on the 34th anniversary of A-
merican Independence.

"We are all numskulls, we are all orators."

[Altered from Jefferson's Inaugural Speech.]

The important, interesting and entertaining history
of Joshua Davis, Esq. sea-faring gentleman who was
impressed on board a British vessel almost forty-seven
times, with numberless other interesting subjects well
calculated to put down the Essex Junco, and raise true
republicans to power, and wealth, and princely honors,
and other things not herein expressed, written by him-
self; with alterations and additions, by John Kuhn, Esq.

"The needle should be always true, or you don't
know where you be." [Davis.]

A correct statement of the expense incurred by the
Jo Bunker Association in celebrating the national Jub-
ilee, together with the extraordinary bill of fare fur-
nished by the deputy chairman of the committee of ar-
rangements, in which it is fully proved, that it is better
for a man to get his dinner among swine, than to drink
or feast among Tories; the whole being an interesting
history, well calculated to please and instruct all true
sons of Crispin; by Job Drew.

"Cobler stick to your awl." [Prompter.]

The importance of a monied institution to honest men
and the advantage of an acquaintance with great men,
by Ichabod Frost, Esq. broker, shaver of notes, &c.

The art of bookselling, hawking and peddling, by Jo
Dumphead, Esq. flying stationer.

The "Inspector's Guide, a sermon, by the Rev. A-
braham Quincy, author of "Religion a Cloak."

Mr. Touchstone—You will much oblige a constant
reader by publishing the following sentiment, drank by
Major Spry, of the Green Dragon Tavern, at the first
celebration of the "Cider Club."

"The enemies of our country, may they be ground
into salt-petre, and the salt-petre ground into gun-pow-
der, and gun-powder fired out of a pop-gun *whang!*—
Huzza!"

Reward of Patriotism.—We learn that his Excellen-
cy Gov. Gerry and his patriotic council have recently
appointed a young man as justice of the peace, in the
town of Charlestown; who some few years since was
so much offended with his barber, for suffering the
Chronicle to be left at his shop, that he ordered the
boy to take the "filthy vehicle," with the tongs, and
lay it on the step of the door, until he had finished dress-
ing, which was accordingly done. Was this appoint-
ment made in consequence of a recommendation from
the "Whig Club," or was it a reward for services
rendered the cause of democracy? Or was it for his
subservience to the lieutenant governor?

Fine flour transmogrified into superfine, at the short-
est notice, and on the most reasonable terms, by an
honest and patriotic baker, at his store in Broad-street.

THE SCOURGE.
BOSTON, MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1811.

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

The far tat Or the Chesapeake paid for in British blood!!!
By Dr. Noyes, Poet Laureat to the Jo Bunker Association, Apothecary to his Supremency Gov. Gerry, Chaplain in ordinary at the Chronicle office, Vender of Catbarts and Diarecticks to the Whig Club, &c. &c. &c. Ornamented with an elegant emblematick Frontispiece.

We are happy to see this sublime and patriotic effusion of the Columbian muse rescued from oblivion by being published in a less perishable form than that of a newspaper. It is perhaps not necessary to inform our readers that it was composed to the celebrated tune of Yankee Doodle, and sung at the request of the Jo Bunker Association at their celebration of the ancient feast of Squantum, in presence of his supereminent excellency Gov. Gerry, his unchangeable Honor Lieut. Gov. Gray, and his excellency John Adams. Perhaps no writer of national songs since the days of Ossian, has been so highly honored. We are told that the distinguished guests above named listened to it with the most ardent admiration, and actually joined in the chorus—nay it is even asserted that his Honor sprung from his seat at the second repetition of the chorus, and was actually trying a rigadon, when unluckily a twinge of the gout in the second joint of the third toe of the left foot, warned him to keep his place. But to business—

"An apothecary write poetry," says one. Stop, sir, if you please. You need not turn up your nose in that manner. We are not going to make you swallow his jalap, nor blister you with his cantharides. Why may not a doctor write poetry? Were not Akenside, Smollet, Armstrong, and a dozen other famous poets, bred at the pestle and mortar?

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisick?
Of poetry, though patron god,
Apollo patronizes physick.

Were we to select all the beauties of the piece, we should find it necessary to copy the whole. We cannot however deny ourselves the gratification of copying the fifth stanza, which for pathos and patriotism has never been equalled.

"The tools of British power who steal
And murder on the ocean,
For every wrong they make us feel,
Meet honour and promotion.
I guess if father was n't dead,
He'd think us very blandy,
And ask where all the fire had fled
Of yankee doodle dandy."

In short, we should give this production our entire approbation, were it not that, in so doing, our critical judgment and taste would probably be called in question. We must therefore say, that we think the doctor treats his subject with too much levity when he makes use of "lightning" to "return the joke" of "a gun which made a noise like thunder." We at first thought the doctor made an improper use of the poetical licence, when he spoke of toasting Commodore Rodgers in "toddy, flip or brandy;" but we have been since told, that those mild and cooling beverages were in reality the liquors used by the Jo Bunker Association, in drinking their toasts; so that the Laureat probably adhered strictly to truth.

We are unwilling to close our review, without hinting to Dr. Noyes, that the approaching *accouchement* of the empress of France will furnish his muse with a subject for another national patriotic ballad, more particularly as it is expected that the issue of that event will be the *King of America*.

Honé is everlastingly writing against British manufactures; yet strip the spectre of what he gets from their looms and workshops, and you would see him stalking down State-street, in a cocked hat and pair of shoes—*sans coat, sans vest, sans culottes, sans every thing*.

This patriot made so much money by clandestine importations from England, indirectly, during the last war, when his country was bleeding at every pore, that he probably wishes to try his hand again.

President Dana is said to be as arrant a turncoat as there is in the commonwealth; but I will tell you another—*Story*.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES—No. I.

Ichabod the Broker, is a man endowed with splendid talents and exalted virtue. Early in life he became extremely fond of exercising his genius in the money making art, and before he arrived at the age of twenty-one years, such proficiency did he make in the trade, that his master gave him up two or three years of his time, in consideration of his faithful services. He, like a great many other characters, considering the nation as his family, and its territory as his own soil, devoted himself to philanthropic studies; and judging very naturally that the advancement of his own interest would result in the promotion of his family's welfare, retired to a spot in the district of Maine, (to which he presumed he had a legal claim, in consequence of his extensive relationship) and there quietly seated himself, as many other worthy characters used formerly to do. Some one however, appearing, who had a claim derived from a grant of a certain tyrannical crowned head of old mother England, Ichabod was obliged to decamp, and leave his peaceful abode to its rightful owner. Enraged as he was by this unparalleled procedure, he swore eternal hatred to monarchs and to the whole provincial family. Now indeed dowe behold a most extraordinary change in the great Ichabod. He who had been accustomed to look upon the whole human race as his relatives or friends, now viewed all mankind as his enemies. To such a height did he carry his resentment against the female part of the community, that he would not even extend the affections of a husband to any but his own daughters. He became a zealous democrat, and continues so till this day. But old daddy Time, who works such wonderful changes in men and things appeased the wrath of Ichabod, and he returned to society and the busy world once more; became extremely enamored with what the French call *l'argent*, and so great was his love for the dross that he left no means untried to obtain it. Having the reputation of a very good and a very honest republican, he formed an acquaintance with one S—, a man high in office, and who directed the fiscal concerns of the government. Ichabod, by his pleasing and engaging manners, soon acquired his confidence, and having given the most satisfactory evidence of his fidelity and ardent attachment to republicanism, was entrusted with a handsome sum for the purpose of purchasing estates for S. and soon, by extraordinary speculations, amassed for him a prodigious fortune. Such however, is the instability of human happiness and sublunary joys, that at the moment we are going to taste the cup of bliss it is by some unforeseen accident dashed from our lips. As soon as S. thought that he had acquired a sufficiency for the support of old age and was about to retire to the tranquil scenes of private life, on looking over the deeds which had been given to him to secure him in the possession of his newly acquired property it was found that the name of Ichabod had been inserted in the room of S—!!! It was a mistake of Ichabod's but it could not be rectified in a minute—S. was somewhat amazed that such a mistake should pass unnoticed by Ichabod, and reproached him with dishonesty, but he justified himself in a very able manner, by alledging that mistakes were incident to humanity, and that no man was without his faults. His arguments had some weight with S. but he did not feel altogether satisfied with the conduct of his friend, indeed so deeply did the circumstance affect the spirits of S. that he died shortly after of a broken heart. Ichabod attended his remains to the silent tomb, and shed many tears over the ashes of his benefactor. Many persons have been so unfeeling as to assert that his grief was affected, but those who best knew Ichabod will affirm to the contrary. Except this unfortunate affair nothing was ever adduced against the character of the worthy man who is the subject of these memoirs. And what great man we ask was ever exempt from calumny and detraction?

It is said, though we somewhat question the truth of the rumor, that he is about to be appointed the successor of Mr. Gallatin. He would, no doubt fill the station with ability, and do honour to himself and the party he belongs to.

A number of the Stockholders of the State Bank, are giving up their shares since they find the Directors are to be chosen from their own party. This is bringing the case home; and men do not love to risk their property, from party connections.

Mr. Touchstone—The following letter, addressed to a noted democrat, was found not long ago in one of the streets of Salem, it is sent to you for perusal, and if you think proper, you are at liberty to publish it. The writer, Tom W—, whose name adorns this interesting letter, I am told, makes one of that respectable body, who presume to dictate to the Governor and Council, and to regulate all other state concerns.

"Boston Sunday Aug. 25 1811.

"I have presumed to rite to you to lett you no that the Rippublikins here is doin all in there power to oust the tories, who are growling like Bears with sore heds. I dont know what in the devle the council are about, for we can't find out enny thin they have hav dun; but ef they dont turn the pack of infurnel tories out they may all go to hel for me. Sum of our foolish mungriels who call themselves Rippublikins are dooin us more injury than the tories, for they oppose us in dooin what wa awt to doo, and to take part with the tories against Bonaparte. I wish the dam raskuls was awl in hel, for its impossible to have any dissisive measures while we have such stupid puppys with us. We have sum good fellers here, who wood do the biznis for the torys, ef they cood have the ranes of guverment but our dam foolish legislater pick out the most contemptible council that ever met in this state; but it wonte doo to tel the tories so—Thares our old tride frend Austin, hees the Boy, lett him have the rool for one year, and weed roste the Pickerin Junto—but the mungriels hate him like hel—ef we had one thowzen such fellers as Austin, Huse, Dru, Vinil and our worthi frend Clow in Boston, weed cut the scowndrils throtes who wood dare to open there lippis against guverment. The tories are impudent as the devle and sware they will doo there prittyest to git Kit gore in the guvners cheer next year; but by grasshus thale be mistaken, weel fix them next year—when the noo division takes place wee shel hav thirty Sinniters, and then weel capsize old Parsuns and all the gang of federal judges and hav Austin for chief justis. They say here that the Boston Rebel is rit by Jon Lowill, and wee awl wish the dam raskul was in hel for riteing so it wood be a shocking thing ef the people shoold beleev what he rites for thade shurely kick us awl to the devle. Hees told sum damd home truths, but weel sware t are awl lies ef the tories maid in Grate Britun, and the printer pade for publishing them by the British guverment—This kinde of lingo has excellent effect in the country. There is one good thing, they can't out lie us.

"We are going on with the Bank swimmingly, not a tory shal hav a sheer, awl the stoc holders are to be bef and haff bludid rippublikins, but ef the wood let me hav mi way, there shoold be no dam mungriels kunsarid in it. Howsumever wen we git a going weel raze he with the hole nest of spekulaters, stoc jobers and layyers—weel fix um damme. Thars that feller Event awt to be hung—he acts like a fool—his Americans awt to be burnt by evry tru rippublikin—weel git this feller shipt of and be damd to him, and then French wil peper the tory cru. French iz a royall feller—he iz the boy what wil let the toriz kno there place—pra did yu ever se hiz Orashun dilliverd in this its a devleish good thing—thares sumthin dam it—it begins sumhow so—"Let sonorous strains ultingly to heaven ascend." Is not that bold language Hees dilliverd wun in Portlund, wun in Hingom, and made sum dam fine speeches in caucus; but wun of um I ges he filchd, but no mater fur that, we can do what we ples with him, and Munro iz a dam babb we flatter him sum und thats awl the recompens wants fur his sarvices.

"I must bring this leter tu a cloze, fur I must go to the Chronical Office, whare awl ov us assemble e Saburday tu reed the paper, and blakguard the torys, thare we alwais hav Dr. Noise, Sam Huse, Astal Prince, Ben Austin, Jon Koon, Job Dru, and a we tru rippublikins, yung and old, who care a dam moore fur the paper than the preeching of tory matters—Next yere my boy weel fix the clergy, drivet dam raskuls to hel, and then huzza for rippublikins."

Since modern refined democracy has had sway in Massachusetts, the account of two Treasurers of the State and one attorney General have been investigated. These three worthies, of course among the most respectable of the party, one stole sixty thousand dollars from the treasury, and the other was obliged to abscond for forgery. Pretty materials these to make Bank directors.

The following is a correct statement of the late Caucus, relative to instructions, or rather orders to the Council, to "oust the tories," as they termed them; by a federalist who attended, withstanding the inquiry and vigilance of "spies."

DEMOCRATIC CAUCUS.
Secret Conclave.

Last evening, agreeably to a notice, a "very large and respectable meeting," called to term it, of "the democratic republicans of Suffolk," was convened at Granger's, where there were at least one hundred persons present. Very large indeed!—but of those "respectable" would apply, there were few.

The meeting was opened in a very noble and elegant harangue, by Captain Hewes, who regretted that our limits will not allow of our giving only a summary of it. The extensive survey of the federal government, the famous Essex Junto had made, and that the democrats ought to do, they wished to keep the reins in their own hands—talked a great deal about "the cunning fellow," his motive will be the sequel) the impolicy of continuing the present power, and how dangerous it was to the people! He did not wish to excite a party, but would be productive of great evil. He closed his observations with a recommendation to the Governor, as suitable to fill the offices of Sheriff, and suppose the gentleman intended that should be held by one person, particularly afterwards expressed an opinion in favor of the clerkship.)

He was followed in a very able manner by Samuel Hewes. The Captain said he was a great law authority, no less a man than Dana. (Here a great muttering was heard—the sagacious and truly republican did not like to hear federalists quoted; they all feared that the Noble C. Mr. Clough styled him, had turned federalist by the federalists to exert his power in favor, or paid by the British government with the tories. Captain Webb then said he would not suffer him to speak, as a form republican. A gentleman, who had not learned, begged leave to answer the speaker, that his uniform did not make him a republican—he had known a great many republicans, who were tories and aristocrats, and endeavored to explain, and after a great deal of bustle and confusion, Captain Hewes was allowed to pursue very near the same ground as the noble C. did, and concluded by expressing some resolutions might be passed, and that that august body.—Here he was interrupted by a young knight of the yard-stick, who, in a saving of the air, opposed his proceedings to such unwarrantable proceedings to know what business that meeting had to do with the Executive. Bad as his speech was, more reason than the remainder of the meeting put together—before he had concluded, the learned Isaac Munroe just requested the gentleman to sit down, and great many others who were desirous to speak, though for his part, he said, he should not trouble the gentleman all night, yet he would say a few words, but if so be the gentleman would speak, he could do it after the meeting. This speech made a great impression. Capt. Loring, who had weighed the young gentleman might go on, as he had to answer all he should advance, speaking, the gentleman thought it best to leave the adjutant and the captain's field.)

The moderator, who, by the way, was a gentleman, as well as Mr. Secret, observed that he thought it high time to open the meeting on what had been passing himself exactly as he wished to see it for granted that the moder-

the modern refined democracy has had sway in the schuyltets, the account of two Treasurers of State and an attorney General have been investigated. Of the three worthies, of course among the most respected of the party, one stole sixty thousand dollars from the treasury, and the other was obliged to abscond for forgery. Pretty materials they to make directors.

The moderator, who, by the way, was a very learned gentleman, as well as Mr. Secretary Isaac Munroe, observed that he thought it high time to obtain the opinion of the meeting on what had been said. Not expressing himself exactly as he wished to do, Mr. Cough took for granted that the moderator required some

It is expected that the Governor and Council will soon put the finishing stroke to the business they have been so long hammering upon, since they have received orders from a most respectable meeting of at least one hundred and fifty true republican office hunters.

DICK STRYPE.

OR, THE FORCE OF HABIT—A TALE,
By Timothy Drabble.

Habits are stubborn things;
And by the time a man is turn'd of forty,
His ruling passion's grown so very haughty,
There is no clipping of its wings.

This truth will best be shown
By a familiar story of our own.

Dick Strype,
Was a friend and lover of the pipe;
He used to say, one pipe of Kirkman's best
Gave life a zest:

To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physie,
To see the friendly vapour
Curl round his midnight taper,
And the black fume
Clothe all the room
In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.

So still he smok'd and drank, and crack'd his joke;
And, had he single tarried,
He might have smok'd and still grown old in smoke;
But Richard married.
His wife was one who carried
The cleanly virtues almost to a vice,
She was so nice.

And thrice a week, above, below,
The house was scour'd from top to toe;
And all the floors were rubb'd so bright
You dar'd not walk upright,
For fear of sliding;
But that she took a pride in.
Of all things else Rebecca Strype
Could least endure a pipe.

She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
Protested that the noisome vapour
Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the paper,
And cost her many a pound in stucco:
And then she quoted old king James, who saith
"Tobacco is the Devil's breath."

When wives will govern, husbands must obey;
For many a day
Dick mourn'd and miss'd his favourite tobacco,
And curs'd Rebecca.

At length the day approach'd his wife must die:
Imagine now the doleful cry
Of female friends old aunts and cousins,
Who to the funeral come by dozens;
The undertakers man and mutes
Stood at the gates in sable suits,
With doleful looks,
Just like so many melancholy rooks.

Now cakes and wine are handed round,
Folks sigh, and drink, and drink, and sigh,
(For grief makes people very dry,)
But Dick is missing, no where to be found.

Above, below, about,
They search'd the house throughout,
Each hole and secret entry,
Quite from the garret to the pantry,
In every corner, cupboard, nook, and shelf,
And all concluded he had hang'd himself—
At length they found him—reader, guess you where;
Twill make you stare—
Perch'd on Rebecca's coffin, quite at rest,
SMOKING A PIPE of Kirkman's best.

We understand that Mr. Wright, late editor of the
Newburyport Whig, whose office was 'wantonly de-
stroyed,' proposes publishing another *chaste and elegant*
poem, with this appropriate motto from Dr. Caustic—
"You Rogues, you Rogues, you're all found out!"

All things possible, or biting one's own nose off.

We have all heard of the fracas between the Dutch-
man and Yankee, when the poor Dutchman lost his
nose. He swore that the Yankee had bit off his nose,
and the Yankee swore that the Dutchman, in a pet, bit off
his own nose, himself. The dispute was referred to an

honest Dutch Justice, who very gravely decided, that
it was possible, the Dutchman might have done it.—
'For,' said he, 'mit God all links possible—an if God wills,
dat a man shall bite his own nose off, by Got, he will bite it.'
Now who, but this honest Dutch Justice, could have
believed it possible for a poor printer, to go deliberate-
ly, by night, into his own office, kick over his stands, upset
his cases, throw about his types, and in such a wanton
and wicked manner, 'bite his own nose?' But even so
it is—certainly then "all links are possible!"

(Washingtonian.)

"Amiable Pork"—We observe that some waggish
Green Mountaineers have formed a military company,
and call it "Jefferson Artillery."

Medical Books.

C. WILLIAMS,

No. 8, STATE-STREET,
Has for sale, the following works in
MEDICINE, CHEMISTRY, and BOTANY.

viz.—
BELL's Surgery, 4 vols.; do. do. 1 vol.; do. Anatomy,
2 vols.; do. on Ulcers, 1 vol.; do. on wounds, 1 vol.; do.
on Hydrocele, 1 vol.; do. Diseases of the Urethra,
Burns' Midwifery, 1 vol.; do. Anatomy, 1 vol.; do.
Gravid Uterus,
Boerhaave's Institutes,
Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, 2 vols.
Blane on Diseases of Seamen, 1 vol.;
Buchan on Venereal,
Botanical Harmony,
Botanist, a course of Lectures by Dr. Waterhouse, just
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Brown's Elements of Medicine—do. Viridarium Poeticum,
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Consumption, on the powers of Digitalis Purpurea, and on
the cure of Scrophula,
Beddoes on Air, 2 vols.
Currie on Cold Water, 2 vols.
Cuvier's Comparative Anatomy, 2 vols.
Cullen's Materia Medica—do. Lectures—do. Practice, 4
vols.—do. Institutes,
Crichton on Derangement, 2 vols.
Curtis' Diseases of India,
Chaptal's Chemistry,
Crampe's inquiry into the nature and properties of Opium,
Domestic Medicine,
Duncan's Analysis of Medicine, 4 vols.—do. Heads of
Lectures,
Douglas on the Muscles,
Deanman's Aphorisms; do. Midwifery,
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pensary,
Ellis on Atmospheric Air,
Fourcroy's Chemistry, 3 vols.
Fothergill's Works,
Gardner on the nature, cause and cure of the Gout,
Gooch's Chirurgical Work, 3 vols.
Godwin on Respiration,
Goulard on the effects and various preparations of Lead
for different Chirurgical disorders,
Higgins on Calcareous Cements,
Haid's Pharmacopoeia, Hunter's Farriers' Dictionary,
Huxham on Fevers,
Hamilton on Female Complaints; do. on Midwifery,
Haller's Physiognomy,
Hey's Surgery,
Johnston's Practical Observations on Urinary Gravel and
stone, on diseases of the bladder and private gland, &c.
Jackson on Fever,
Keil on the blood,
Lattas' Surgery, 3 vols.
Lagrange's Chemistry, 2 vols.
London Practice of Physic,
Manual of Health,
Medical Electricity,
Murray's Materia Medica,
Medical Guide,
Moore's Medical Sketch,
Munroe's Anatomy, 3 vols.
Pott's Works, 3 vols.
Percival on Dissection,
Port on the Hydrocele,
Priestly on Air,
Reeves on Torpidity,
Rollo on W. India Diseases,
Russel on the Knee Joint,
Richster's Medical and Surgical Observations 4 do. on
Extraction of the Cataract,
Robert on Fevers,
Rush on Yellow Fever,
Smellie's Philosophy; do. Midwifery,
Sharp's Surgery,
Trotter's Medica Nautica,
Webster on Pestilence, 2 vols.
Watson's Essays, 5 vols.
Wilson's Philosophy of Physic,
Walker's Treatise on Nervous Diseases,
Wallis' Sydenham,
Zoonomia.

Aug. 12.

Also, for sale as above,

*The Lay of the Last Minstrel,
Marmion, a Tale,
The Lady of the Lake,
Ballads and Songs, &
The Vision of Don Roderick.*

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number of Cooks, and young women to do house work.—
Also, three Men who are well acquainted with the work of
a family, and a number of Boys.

TO BE LET—thirty one houses of differ-
ent sizes. aug. 24.

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Thomas Wightman's engraver.

THE

No. 6]

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the day of publication will be given in the
numbers will be sold at twelve cents; and a
may be had, at No. 8, STATE-STREET, at
Office Devonshire-Street.

BOSTON:

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER

From the Portland Gazette

THE CONTRAST.

"My heart is not haughty; nor
neither do I exercise myself in great
things too high for me."—DAVID.

"Oh, that I were made judge in the
man who hath any suit or cause, might
and I would do him justice!"—ABSALOM

How striking the contrast between
ters! In the one, we behold the mod-
est brave, discreet, and virtuous man—
ery requisite to govern, glowing with
unrivalled in arms, professing his humi-
lity as about worldly distinction, or

In the other, though destitute of eve-
fication as a public man, or leader, we
aspire, ambitious, intriguing demagogu-
ter preferment, and lusting after power;
have scrupled to imbue his hands in a fat
involve a whole kingdom in confusion, dis-
shed, for the imaginary pleasure of reig-
was, he was seeking an office. It is said,
hearts of the people." For "when any
to him, to command, to rule, to sit
took him, and kissed him." How fast
dress! how strong the professions of
start! and how flattering the apparent
first attempts. But his hope, was that of
like the spider's web, spun out of its own

Alas! how many Absaloms are there
day! How many young, inexperienced
men, devoid of talents and understanding
of every great and noble quality of the
out the fear of God before their eyes;
heard of, in every direction, in this a-
anxiously engaged in the pursuit of pow-
ling after those favors, in the power of the
stow; even by attempting to supplant the

"With some of whom compar'd, these
Are but the beings of a summer's day."

Yea, some of them have the hardhood
mate impudence, even to pretend to have
political opinions, &c. whenever vacancies
their avarice, and dictate this unmanly
any other assigned cause. They will ev-
mit robbery and murder, for the sake
dizement. Yea, they do rob men of
rights, and murder them in the desti-
character, for they "blch their good
Shakespeare considers the worst speci-
When they have attained the object of
the acquisition of office, how do they a-
resemble a child in a great chair! un-
Office-seekers! demagogues! specu-
pers! striplings! pettifoggers and knav-
hundred and eleven! Compare your ow-
tensions, and practices, with the two
named—draw a just parallel, and learn
struction!—See which of the two you
Keep in sight the end of both. The o-
to the grave, in a good old age, like
fully ripe The other was, Heman like,
ed; and his very beast assisted in his ex-

NO OFFICE

The account of the commencement
states that Thomas C. James, was app-
of Midwifery in the Pennsylvania Univ-
often heard of students wanting assista-
but never before in getting to bed.

The council are yet in travail. Farr
said, is appointed Professor of Midwif-
orable Body. When his eye sight will
pected he will perform some nice opera-